It did me yeomans ſervice; wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?
*Hora.* I good my Lord.
*Ham.* An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As love between them like the Palme might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare,
And ſtand a *Comma* 'tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving time allow'd.
*Hora.* How was this ſeal'd?
*Ham.* Why even in that was heaven ordinant:
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the modell of that *Daniſh* ſeale,
Folded the writ up in the forme of th'other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave't thimpreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changling never known; now the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.
*Hor.* So *Guyldenſtern* and *Roſencraus* go to't.
*Ha.* They are not neare my conſcience, their deſeat
Does by their owne inſinuation grow;
'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſſe and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.
*Hor.* Why what a King is this!
*Ham.* Does it not, think you, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coſenage, is't not perfect conſcience?

*Enter a Courtier.*

*Cour.* Your Lordſhip is right welcome backe to *Denmarke.*
*Ham.* I humbly thanke you ſir.
Doeſt know this Water-flye?

*Hora.*



*Hora.* No my good Lord.
*Ham.* Thy ſtate is the more gracious, for 'tis a v
him; he hath much land and fertill, let a beaſt be Lo
and his crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings meſſe; 'tis a cho
ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.
*Cour.* Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhip were at leiſure
part a thing to you from his Majeſty.
*Ham.* I will receive it ſir with all diligence of ſpiri
net to his right uſe, 'tis for the head.
*Cour.* I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.
*Ham.* No beleeve me 'tis very cold, the wind is N
*Cour.* It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
*Ham.* But yet me thinks it is very ſoultry and hot
plexion.
*Cour.* Exceedingly my Lord, it is very ſoultry, as
not tell how: my Lord, his Majeſty bad me ſignifie
a has laid a great wager on your head, ſir this is the
*Ham.* I beſeech you remember.
*Cour.* Nay good my Lord, for my eaſe in good fai
newly come to Court *Laertes*, beleeve mee an ab
man, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſo
great ſhewing: indeed, to ſpeake feelingly of him,
or Kalendar of Gentry, for you ſhall finde in him t
what part a Gentleman would ſee.
*Ham.* Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition i
know to divide him inventorially, would dizzie th
memory, and yet but raw neither in reſpect of h
but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be ſou
ticle, and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſſe,
diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour, and
trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.
*Cour.* Your Lordſhip ſpeakes moſt infallibly of
*Ham.* The concernancy ſir, why do we wrap th
our more rawer breath?
*Cour.* Sir.
*Hora.* Is't not poſſible to underſtand in anoth
will doe't ſir re[illegible]y.
*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this G